

Screenplay

INT. OBSERVATION FLOOR HOSPITAL-NIGHT

An intake doctor GENA walks through the floor stopping on Kevin 25. She takes a deep breath.

GENA

Kevin were going to get you a room,
wanna come with me?

KEVIN

What?

GENA

We're waiting on your lithium
levels so we can give you your
medication. Come on Kevin.

A nurse escorts Kevin while Gena walks to another patient's room.

GENA V.O

Each day I say to myself "real
human being here". Get them where
they need. Could be the inpatient
facility. Sometimes they're just
coming in and out, getting
discharged after med readjustments.
Then there's everything in between.
Gets hard yeah, sometimes. If it's
hard for me, I can't fucking
imagine they're having a picnic in
the park.

SAME LOCATION- DIFFERENT PATIENT.

GENA

Hi, I'm doctor Hernandez. How are
you feeling?

The patient BOB, 25, eyes start to well up.

Gena gives a supportive expression.

BOB

Have you read the papers?

(Welling up)

I'm sorry...they just put a lot of
pressure on me.

GENA

The news?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Yeah.

GENA

What's in the paper?

BOB

If I tell you...No, I just can't.
You'll tell.

He looks down to the floor, back up with uncertainty.

GENA

(Calm and supportive)

I'm glad you came in tonight. It
really shows how brave you are.

He lightly bites his fingers.

GENA

(Smiles with reassurance)

Who would I tell?...I'd really like
to know more about the papers.

BOB

That doctor's looking at me...

Gena walks over and closes the room curtains, blocking them
from the rest of the floor unit.

BOB

My partner...my head can't shut the
fuck up.

GENA

Now, what's his name, your partner?

BOB

Jim. Don't know what that even
means. Partner...boyfriend?
Partners make each other feel
safe...I only ate a muffin the last
2 days. I just couldn't take it
anymore.

GENA

Did he hurt you?

BOB

He didn't leave bruises, nothing
like that. Just made me feel...like
this was the best there was. FUCK!

(CONTINUED)

GENA
(Taken aback)
Are you alright?

BOB
Tics, ya know, swearing and
barking. Trying to stop makes it
worse.

GENA
So, he wanted someone to really
follow him unconditionally?

BOB
I don't think he cared about the
tics, and the swearing or the
barking.FUCK! He made it normal. I
feel fucking awful for questioning
him. Whatever his intentions were,
I'm always in his court. They all
loved him. Me too, for too fucking
long. I couldn't ruin that. Then
the family wouldn't look at me,
except with derision or hate.
Definitely won't believe me.

GENA
(calmly)
If he hurt you, don't you want to
get whatever, something, off your
chest?

BOB
SHIT!SHIT!FUCK!COCK!SHIT! You ever
have that feeling? You're so sad or
nervous, it's like dieing. You're
choking and fall to the floor,
begging someone to save you.

GENA
Did that happen to you? Or Jim?

BOB
This wasn't meant to be such a
fucking clusterfuck. It shouldn't
have gone anywhere...near this far.
I'm sorry. FUCK! My mind won't shut
up, but it can't make me say
something real. Nothing! I never
lived like that before; with a
"wonderful" person who could be
with all of me, and my bullshit.
I'm not easy, he didn't need to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (cont'd)
stay...maybe I could fix him.
Change everything. There's more to
it, but that's not even a remotely
worthy excuse. There's fucking
zero. Nothing adds up to justify
all the shit I've done. All I
wanted, a new life...this lover; it
was laying right in front of me. I
tried believing it's real, so then
it became real. Made it all pretty,
but you can't fake that shit. I
couldn't give that world up. If I
compartmentalized...If I just
conjured up this depressing
fantasy, then I could close the
window blinds; and not see what was
really there.

She gives an empathic expression.

GENA
Your eyes say a lot.

BOB
What?

GENA
Feeling trapped

BOB
(Realization. Crying)
Yes.

He tightens up his body and looks off to the side.

GENA
Your fingers are bleeding. It'll
leave scars. Could get infected.

BOB
It feels good.

Bob sighs. He begrudgingly looks at her then looks down at
his bleeding nails.

BOB
Maybe. CONNER!FUCK!COCK SUCKING
KITTY FUCKER!

GENA
(Settling down)
Oh...

(CONTINUED)

she raises her hand as to calm him

BOB

Don't touch
me...never!FUCK!SHIT!CUNT!
Sorry!...Sorry. What do you tell
yourself when it's pitch black
outside and there's only you and
your thoughts?...That cold,
distraught boy's expression, it's
branded up here. Everyday...

He points and taps aggressively at his forehead

BOB CONT

...They didn't stand a chance..GET
FUCKED! DICK,DICK,DICK!

He gags

BOB CONT

I can't take it; watching in the
corner. Look at me, I'm complicit.
I kept quiet.That was the plan.
Walking that bridge each day for 8
months, planing maybe one
day...Jim, Dr. fucking James. He
died last week. You'd think I'd be
happy?

Beat

BOB CONT

If you read the paper's you'd know
he's a pediatrician on the upper
west side. Hiding In plain sight. A
little light touching,petting.

GENA

Wow...alright.

Bob starts to cry. He nods

BOB

COCK!YOU MOTHER FUCKING CHILD
FUCKING ASSHOLE,SHIT,FUCK. Look,
last week I'm walking down 5th Ave
and I feel like I'm floating
outside my body. I'm separate from
the city and part of the whole
thing at the same time;the people,
the buildings...

(CONTINUED)

GENA

So, that sounds like dissociation. You've experienced something very traumatic, right? So you might split away from reality a little...or a lot.

Beat

BOB CONT

I saw these kids on his computer and I was fucking face down the toilet for hours. My throat was on fire. I PUSHED it away! The pictures. I love him. I really do. You know, I put it in a box. A month later I found out he made it, the porn. Photos of genitalia from children under the knife. What could I do? Push it away.

GENA

Bob, lets slow down please, so maybe we can deconstruct this whole situation.

BOB

He had fucking braces!

Gena shows a incredibly taken aback face showing apprehension. She bluntly interrupts in an assertive yet controlled manner.

GENA

I have questions! alright? Please, I just have to ask you some questions, Ok? I put the two attending doctors with other patiences. I'm all you. Look, can you breathe with me?

They both take a deep breath.

GENA

Controlled breathing is used in every culture and medicine on earth.

BOB

Will it help me?

(CONTINUED)

GENA
Takes practice.

Beat

GENA CONT
I'm seeing signs of mania. Some depression. In the past two weeks, how often have you felt down, depressed, or hopeless?

BOB
Funny thing is, me being hopeless won't help Conner.

GENA
Who's Conner?

BOB
(Shifts between him having a calm and aggressive demeanor)
I'm not manic, SHIT. I'm a manager at a coffee shop. It's the coffee; keeps me pumped, ecstatic, stay focused, stay good. Then I try smoking; pressing my brain into pulp. Nothing shuts my head up...never. Those pictures made every night hell. I started getting diarrhea everyday. Got hemorrhoids, and then fishers. Guess who can't bottom? FUCK!. We stopped being intimate, stopped talking. ASSHOLE! SHIT! But, you ask anyone else, we could be that gorgeous couple in a lifetime movie.

GENA
Do you have any family around here?

BOB
My brother, Sister in law, (tears up) nephew. I "had" Jame's family. CUNTS! CUNTS! They live in Long island. My folk are from Kentucky. Being gay doesn't really help any.

GENA
(Extreme reassurance)
You know I'm here. Every night.

He starts to cry.

(CONTINUED)

GENA

Here's the number of this floor. If you're out and just need to chat, anytime, ask for me. ok?

He stays quiet for a beat. She looks at her phone and starts typing.

BOB

What are you doing?

GENA

Is this the article?

She opens an article and shows it to bob. He nods.

GENA

Says he will be "greatly missed, a truly, genuine physician who loved his profession and his practice; cared deeply for his patients."

BOB

They want to dampen the blow. Suicide ain't pretty.

Gena sits taken aback a little.

BOB

Anesthetic is a fucking hell of a drug. He was a GP and a GI. Maybe he cared about medicine...I know he cared, but. He never fucked em, not at first. Touched them, yeah. Fingered them;anytime he got a quick moment; no one seeing.

GENA

What made you keep quiet?

BOB

People always ask raped victims why they keep their mouth shut so long...Maybe this is my story.

GENA

I shouldn't have snapped at you before. Trauma has a fucked up way of turning the tables on who the bad guy in the room is. It lies to you. I've seen quite a lot come through here. Deeply damaged folks that can't get past their demons. I don't see that in you.

(CONTINUED)

He gives an ephemeral expression of contentment.

Beat

BOB CONT

I've done horrible things. He told me if I talked, I'd be arrested for soliciting children and being in possession of pornography. So I put on a smile. Everything was "normal". We'd go to the beach, I'd see his arms, his ass, hear his laugh, the one that brings me back to the first time we were in bed. For a second, we were something else. Happy? That's not the word, who knows?

GENA

Why talk now?

BOB

Have you ever eaten from a can of broken soup?

GENA

No, you throw it out.

BOB

Have you ever prayed to God so hard, and one day they're finally heard?

GENA

That would be something else, for sure.

BOB

(Crying)

A woman came to the store, with her tiny dog, asked for a coffee. I told her it would be so easy to break his neck. Didn't mean to say it. I'm not a violent person. I love animals. Just came out my mouth, like word vomit.

GENA

How long have you been up?

BOB

I don't know? Like 36 hours.

(CONTINUED)

GENA

Ah, ok...ok.

BOB

I told him, I was gonna come out;
tell every fucking soul I knew. We
were invited to a friend of my 13
year old nephew's birthday party.
This kid; blond, had fucking
braces...**braces**, named Conner came
down the stairs with tears deep in
his eyes. He walked
funny.FUCK!FUCK!AH!YOU FUCKING
DISGUSTING PIECE OF SHIT!

BOB starts to pick at his nails. They start to bleed.

BOB CONT

Later I asked "Would you ever fuck
my nephew?"and he said "no, I'd
never do that to you...I'd just
beat off, it'll add some mystery."

GENA

oh Jesus.

He screams into his shirt. She quiets him...

He settles down to a point of silence that fills the room.

BOB

He said if I told anyone he'd end
it all. So...now it's true.

GENA

What does that mean?

BOB

Only two options...He offs himself
and I tell everyone about Conner
and the whole hard drive. Don't
know what happens to me. Otherwise
something still happens to him, not
entirely of his own volition. I
couldn't go on living knowing I was
still in love with this sadistic
thing sleeping next to me.

Beat

BOB CONT

Do you do canning?

Taken back from the change in conversation.

(CONTINUED)

GENA
ugh no, jarring?

He nods

BOB
I had a jar of tomatoes. He Just
wanted a snack. They weren't sealed
right. Did I know this? Can't say.
Botulism? In my mind he's choking,
falls on the ground begging someone
to save him.

GENA
Are you telling me...

BOB
He wanted to die. I never told him
to pick that can. Probability did.
He flipped a coin and it didn't
land in his favor.

GENA
Were going to need to admit you for
at least 72 hours, there's a lot of
questions that really
need...concrete answers.

His expression doesn't change.

GENA
Are you thinking of killing
yourself?

BOB
This guy on the subway said all
this happens for a reason. Looked
just like Conner and I asked, how
he got there. Said, he took the F
train. I asked, "are you better, now
that you're all grown." Then he
just left. What the fuck does he
know?

Beat

BOB CONT
Dieing won't solve anything. Just
wanna stop seeing Jim and the boy
in my dreams...I would want to die
from sepsis. It would seem like a
normal illness. Just a needle in my
ass coated in god knows what. My
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB CONT (cont'd)
parents would accept it cause it
doesn't look like I did it to
myself. Even though I hate those
imbecile hicks, I still...I just
want them to love me.

He starts crying

BOB CONT
I just want someone to love me.

CUT TO.

We only see Conner's terrified face filled with pain, pushed
into a pillow. pushing up and down. Silence.

CUT BACK TO.

GENA
I had a sister...You'd find her
hair all over the furniture like a
dog. Seeing it happen right in
front of you was fucking depressing
enough, but then you'd throw it
out; it smelled of dandruff. She
tried...we all tried to stop this.
Our own clusterfuck, as you said; but
we all knew how the movie ends.
When she had surgery we ask the
doctor to put a small doll of Jesus
on the cross under the operating
table.

BOB
I'm really sorry.

Beat.

GENA
Bob, doctors need help too. I've
walked that bridge. I've had secret
fucked up thoughts.

BOB
What kept you walking...standing on
that bridge?

Her expression is extremely despondent.

GENA
It's stupid but, I had to get to
work. Then get my dry cleaning. See
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GENA (cont'd)
my cat.(shrugs her shoulders)
Sometimes I'm desperate for a
normal day. Not even a good one,
just in between. Sometimes it's
fucking shitty. Then I laugh...at
something stupid the nurses say.
Makes my day. Not perfect, but I
try to be happy with it.

BOB
Our day's are very different.

GENA
(Contemplative)
Of course...

Beat

GENA
...we'll get you a bed. Get down to
having a clearer picture.

Gena walks out of the room up to the nurses station and
starts talking to another doctor.

GENA
So he's lucid for now but he's
slipping into these breaks, like he
goes off away from the rest of the
world. A little delusional. Labile,
extremely elevated, then you turn
around, he's bawling, like he's
been burned and branded. Jesus...so
much to break down. Contact the
police, lets set him up with a bed.

DOCTOR
What did he tell you?

GENA
He had some boyfriend, a doctor.
The man's dead now. I'm told he was
a pedophile. There was a lot of
psychological manipulation.
Compliance issues. There could
be...fucking murder? I can't
speculate. Can't blame what I don't
know.

BACK TO BOB.SAME TIME

We see Conner and bob sitting in the room.

BOB
Conner?

CONNER
Yeah?

BOB
I didn't mean...

Conner starts to cry

BOB
I couldn't do anything.

CONNER
You had ears. You had a voice. I
heard you in the hall walking by
the bedroom. I know you heard me.

BOB
He won't hurt you again. He'll
never hurt anyone again.

CONNER
You and Dr James were so happy.
What was all of this for? Nothing.
You'll never understand the feeling
of having blood in your pants
dripping down your leg. Ruining
your \$150 shoes.

BOB
(Crying)
He won't hurt anyone again, Leave
me alone!

CONNER
You never touched me...Talking
about this feels like when I
punched those mirrors.
Those memories are branded,
fucker. Every time I brush my
teeth, every time I take a piss. It
can't end like it did. He skinned
me like a rabbit. How?...Doctor's
help people, right,right!? He was
so normal, so why would he hurt me?
Who do I trust
now,(sarcastically)You? Maybe I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONNER (cont'd)
should paint you a picture of my
current existence. I am not
attention seeking, like my teachers
say. And I'm not a freak, or a
faggot, or loser. I **AM** a pock
marked 15 year old, kid with an
eating disorder. I cut my chest so
no one can see my scars. I've tried
taking a shit ton of my mom's xanax
once, then went to sleep, and woke
up...fine...

Beat

CONNER CONT
...Really freaked me out though and
told me to keep pushing. Moving
forward, ya know. But, it's not
fucking easy. Getting fat sucks,
cause you can't fit into your fat
boy jeans. Then you get thin and
you look like you've got
cancer. Now, I wish I had fucking
cancer. Have you ever looked in the
mirror and thought, what a piece of
fucking shit.

BOB
I have Conner, I have.

He sighs.

Beat

CONNER CONT
...talking and ranting about this
shit aint gonna help any? Who knows
what's gonna help me?...You just
got fucked in this shit situation.
Your regrets won't go away. You'll
have to live with them for the rest
of your life...

CONNER CONT
(reluctantly)
...But I want you and me to try to
make peace with that. Anyway we
can. Don't do it for me...All the
others. I don't hate you. Maybe I
should, I really should, but I
don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

16.

CUT BACK TO GENA

Gena gives an expression of intense ambivalence. We hold on her.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.